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ON THE TRADE IN HORSES, AND THE REPOSITORIES IN LONDON.

BY the number of horses of all descriptions bought and sold, and used in London, an immense capital is put in activity, and the purposes of business and pleasure forwarded to an unspeakable extent, and a very considerable part of the labouring population are employed.

To Aldrich's Repository, in St. Martin's Lane, a priority of notice is due, as being the original establishment of the kind in London, and of course, in England; dating probably at about the year 1740. It was opened by Mr Beavor, and perhaps the idea of this mode of selling horses, by auction, originated with him. The father of the present Mr Aldrich succeeded Bevaor, Mr Aldrich succeeding his father, has held the Repository about thirty years, and realized a handsome fortune. The species sold at this Repository are journey horses, or hacks, carriage horses of all descriptions; occasionally all sorts: the sale day Wednesday. The chief City Repositories are Dixon's, in Barbican, and Sadler's in Goswell Street; their sale days, Tuesday and Friday. The Christmas Cattle Shows are held at Sadler's. The Barbican Repository, formerly held by Langhorne, is of long standing, and, I believe, preceded Tattersall's. Carriages are there sold, and great numbers of inferior low-priced horses, particularly those from the public roads.

Tattersall's at Hyde Park Corner, was founded about the year 1760, by the grandfather of the present gentle-

man. The first Tattersall had been clerk and chief manager to Mr Beavor, and afterwards became steward to a noble duke, whose service he soon quitted. There is an excellent portrait of him in the Sporting Magazine, with a memoir, at considerable length by a barrister, his old crony. Tattersall was a man of a very respectable appearance and demeanor, and singular character; the chief point in which was a saving grace. He spoke little, but always to the purpose. This trait never forsook him in the pulpit; where, however, his brief but pithy oratory was universally admired. He was the great favourite, to his death, of all our highest classed sporting Corinthians; and, in his time, the oracle of Newmarket. Tattersall, truly his own *faber fortunæ*, clenched the nail in the purchase, at six thousand guineas, from Lord Bolingbroke, of the celebrated race-horse Highflyer, in 1777, named from a walnut so called in Suffolk. This horse was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, late the father of the course, and unwarily sold by him, when a yearling, at a very inconsiderable price, perhaps about seventy or eighty guineas. On the mansion of the estate, which Mr Tattersall subsequently purchased in Cambridgeshire, of Mr Potter, of cheap bread and Colchester election memory, he bestowed the name of Highflyer Hall.

During the life of old Mr Tattersall, the Repository had reached its

height, as a place of general resort, and for extent of business, particularly in sporting horses, breeding studs, sporting dogs, and carriages. The greater part of the commerce in horses, for exportation, was also transacted there. His son, the late Mr Tattersall, succeeded to, and retained a vast business. At this Repository, exclusive of every animal in the sporting line, are to be found horses of all kinds, cart horses excepted, which are seldom seen there; the Eastern or City Repositories, adjoining Smithfield Market, are the places of sale for these.

The sale days, at Tattersall's, formerly on Monday and Thursday, were afterwards confined to Monday, but of late the Thursday's sale has been revived. The viewing days from Saturday to Monday, before twelve o'clock, when the sale commences. The horses may be viewed on Sunday forenoon, but not led out of the stables. Trials are allowed in the yard and the ring, which is a very convenient ride. Formerly, a trial was allowed in Hyde Park, but I believe that custom is discontinued. There is a subscription room, occupied chiefly by professional betters on the turf. The subscription is twenty-five shillings yearly, commencing January 1st, five shillings of which go to the clerk. Commission and tax on the sale of horses, at the hammer, two shillings in the pound; on private contract, one shilling in the pound; on horses put up to auction, but not sold, three shillings each; keep, three shillings and sixpence per night each horse.

The Horse Bazaar, formerly barracks, King Street, Portman Square, was opened for the sale of horses and carriages by auction, in 1822, by Mr George Young. It is the most extensive and splendid establishment, hitherto known in the world for such purposes, and well merits inspection, if only from the motive of mere curiosity. The immense increase, of late years, in the population and commercial opulence of this country, with the concomitant overflow of cap-

ital, necessarily demand and stimulate every possible addition to convenience and luxurious accommodation. Thence the origin of the Bazaar; which, notwithstanding the bold and unlimited expenditure with which it is conducted, has, it is averred, been hitherto successful. The plant is quadrangular, inclosing, two acres of ground. The whole originally consisted of stabling, shew rooms for carriages, saddlery, and harness, riding house, farriery, auction range, with the quadrangle and straight rides for the exercise and shew of horses. Alterations, additions and improvements have however, been made, to a vast extent, within the last twelve months. The space above stairs, allotted to the carriage, saddlery and harness saloons, has been doubled; the saddlery room, itself, extending to the length of 154 feet. The carriage-rooms have space sufficient to contain five hundred carriages of all descriptions. These saloons present a striking and brilliant *coup-d'œil*. The saddle-room, on the ground floor, is an interesting spectacle; not only saddlery and harness, but horse-cloths, whips, spurs, curry-combs, brushes, even to the lowest stable requisite, are there displayed for sale. Not the least curiosity, in this room, is a weighing machine, in which any gentleman or lady may sit most commodiously, and have their contents in solidity determined, at the moderate price of a *tester*, ready cash, that being a first and universal principle at the Bazaar. There is an additional suit of rooms, including the grand subscription room, coffee-room, three billiard-rooms, and a refectory for the various usual forenoon refreshments, liquors and a variety of fruits, from the pine to the common apple. The length of the great room is 113 feet by 47, and the height 44 feet, with a dome or cupola above; it is, perhaps, one of the most capacious rooms in the metropolis. This Mr Young proposes to let to private musical or convivial parties. As a subscription room, in course, non-subscribers cannot be

admitted, with the exception of ladies, who are introduced to view the establishment, and lady visitors are frequent. The annual subscription is a sovereign. The number of subscribers already amount to between three and four hundred, among whom, the establishment has the honour to reckon his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, with many of the highest rank and eminence in the country, or of the first distinction in the sporting line. A private room will be reserved for members of the Jockey Club, or for the adjustment of any particular business of the subscribers. The leading newspapers of the day are provided, together with the chief sporting publications, and other periodical works of general interest. The range for the shew of horses during the auction, is covered in to a sufficient length; and the galleries on each side, for the accommodation of persons attending the sale, are rendered very commodious and complete.

The stabling will accommodate five hundred horses, in the very first style of comfort and convenience, the stalls being on the most roomy and ample scale: equally so the space for spectators who attend to view or purchase. The horses exhibit, in their appearance, the most liberal keep, and the best grooming; and the grooms who are in a sort of military costume, appear to be under excellent regulations. Boards of reference, with distinguishing numbers, state the price and qualifications of the horses. In brief, the whole management of this celebrated horse mart is regularity itself; every species of information that can be required, by the stranger, appearing in text letter throughout. A veterinary surgeon (Mr Turner, also the auctioneer), also a chief clerk of the stables (Mr Duke), smith, and their assistants, are in constant attendance. There is a nightly watch kept. The sale days, by auction, are Wednesday and Saturday.

There are at present, I believe, no other repositories for the sale of

horses, in London, at least none where any extensive business is carried on. Osborne's Commission Stables, near Gray's-Inn-Lane, have of late years been noted for extensive sales. Smithfield has been long known as a weekly market for cart and ordinary horses of every description.—We use the title *Christian*, with a religious emphasis, and by way of eminence—how then in a Christian country, can such scenes be witnessed without horror and remorse, in this secular hell of horses and cattle as are beheld weekly, not barely with *nonchalance* and indifference, but apparently with gratification? Is it a general sentiment, that no animal, except it stand on two legs, can claim justice or mercy at our hands? Here we witness the infliction of torture, in every possible form, on animals which nature has endowed with a sense of feeling proportionably equal to our own, here we see the most horrible and wanton cruelty exercised in exact proportion with age, decrepitude and debility. Here are to be found the wretched stage horses, victims of our speedy travelling, of our comfort and convenience, covered with wounds and bruises, sinews strained, crippled, blind, emaciated, the truest pictures of animal misery; under which, every step, every exertion, must be a source of increased and increasing torture. These creatures are either doomed to spend the bitter remains of life in the most painful drudgery, with starvation; or are at once sent to *the nackers and cat-gut makers' yards, where they have been seen devouring each other's excrement, and even attempting to feed on the manes and tails of their famished fellow sufferers; or (it is averred by eye-witnesses) have been purposely and actually starved to death, that their sinews, becoming dry and tense, might be more completely adapted to the cat-gut manufacture!!* Thus are the labours of the noble horse rewarded.

The present writer has no ultra or pseudo-philanthropic views on this or any other subject, and is equally

desirous with his neighbours to avail himself of the utmost good qualities of the horse, but he is equally the advocate of justice and fair play, whether the subject be man or beast. This is an essential part of his religion; and he apprehends that justice to beasts ought to form part and parcel of every religious and moral system. In the meantime, he is appalled and horror-stricken at the fact, that the sufferings of animals, and the moral solicitude of those who labour to mitigate them, should be made a popular subject of ridicule.

The London horse dealers are extremely numerous, a considerable number of them men of respectability, and possessed of large capitals. They are divisible into two classes—those who purchase in the country, and the repository dealers, who are constant attendants, and buy and sell at those markets. The foreign trade in horses is chiefly in the hands of the first class of dealers, and, we believe, Dyson, of Park-Lane, has as great a share in it as any one. Since the peace, the export of our horses to the Continent, to North America, the West and East-Indies, and to Australia, has been great beyond all previous example. This and other obvious causes have greatly enhanced prices. Nor is there any apparent probability of their reduction, notwithstanding the vast increase of breeding studs, and the annually increasing quantity of stock; but, in the nature of things, a turn must come, as has hitherto never failed under similar circumstances. In the mean time, the universally-acknowledged superiority of the English horse, the *managed* forming the single exception, is surely to be admired in every sense of the term. The English racer, the hunter, the hack or journey horse, the lady's pad, the horse for quick or heavy draught, are yet unequalled under the sun. Belgium, indeed, whence we originally had the stuff, makes a shew of rivalling us in the heavy draught horse: but if they equal us in bulk and weight, we have improved upon

them in the important quality of activity: even as we have improved the Arab and Barb, the natural coursers of the desert, conferring on them not only greater size and power, but far greater speed. In fact, those originals have never stood in any tolerable degree of competition with their derivative, the English racer, in respect to speed, even in the countries and climates bordering on their own; and in this country, they could never, comparatively, run at all. This improvement, however, has not been wrought, in the mode often alleged by the uninitiated in our mysteries; that is to say, by crossing with our own common strong breeds, which indeed would be a roundabout proceeding of very problematical success. No, the racing breed in this country has invariably been preserved pure, as derived from the horse of the desert, with some few and known accidental exceptions, during the past two centuries. The soil, the climate, the air, the food, the water, and, perhaps, beyond all, the stable science of English jockies, have worked this miracle, to which the whole race of the *Hohenlohes* would have been unequal. The fraternity, in the United States of America, approaches the most nearly, as they ought, their pedigree considered. They have even the hardihood to boast a superiority over us, in the performance of their racers and trotting hacks; with respect to *padders* or *pacers*, their superiority is unquestionable, since those paces have been obsolete in this country full four score years. We content ourselves, wisely or not, with the more natural and graceful pace, the canter.

To conclude, with another object of admiration—it has not hitherto been satisfactorily accounted for, why the horses of the neighbouring continent should continue, in so great a degree, inferior to those of this country, seeing that the continental studs have, during so long a period been supplied with English breeding stock, and occasionally with English grooms.

GIPSY SONG.

(FOR MUSIC.)

WE are come—we are come
From a rich and warm countrée ;
We have neither trump nor drum,
Yet we'll sing to thee.

We've no harp—we've no lute,
Stringed bass, nor evening bell,
Nor the soft and pining flute
Which thou lov'st so well.

But our voice—and our pipe,
These will sleeping passions move ;

One is rich, the other ripe.
And our song is—Love !

What is Love?—an odorous life,
Sweeter than the sweetest sins ;
'Tis a warm and wanton strife,
Where the vanquish'd wins,

Love is hope—Love is wealth,
Rich possession, rare employ,
Honest though 't be got by stealth,
Earth's divinest joy !

THE OLD OAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

HERE have I stood the pride of the park :
In winter, with snow on my frozen bark ;
In spring, 'mong the flowers that round me were spread,
And among my own leaves when summer was fled.
Three hundred years my top I have raised ;
Three hundred years I have sadly gazed
O'er Nature's wide extended scene,
O'er rushing rivers and meadows green ;
For, though I was always willing to rove,
I never could yet my firm foot move.

They fell'd my brother who stood by my side,
And flung out his arms so wide, so wide.
How I envy him, for how blest is he,
As the keel of a vessel he sails so free
Around the whole of the monstrous earth ;
But I am still in the place of my birth.
I once was too haughty and proud to complain,
But am now become feeble from age and pain,
And therefore I often give vent to my woes
When through my branches the wild wind blows.

A night like this, so calm and clear,
I have not seen for many a year ;
The milk-white doe and her tender fawn
Are skipping about on the moon-light lawn ;
And on the verge of my time-worn root
Two lovers are seated, and both are mute ;
Her arm encircles his youthful neck,
For none are present her love to check.
This night would almost my sad heart cheer,
Had I one hope, or one single fear.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

LET others list the trumpet blast
That fir'd my soul in days long past ;
Let others dwell, in airy dream,
With joy upon the poet's theme ;—
Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
And I behold thee but the while.

For I have doff'd the golden band,
And flung the red sword from my hand ;
And ta'en the corslet from my breast,
And from my head the helm and crest ;
And left court and camp to follow thee,
And, like a menial, bend the knee.

And for yellow baldrick my scrip is hung,
 And for belted brand my harp is slung ;
 And for corslet the garb of minstrelsy,
 With cowl for casque encircles me ;
 And 'stead of the vassals that came at my
 call,
 I stand a slave within thy hall.

Yet pine I not for warrior's fame,
 Valor's meed or poet's name,
 Martial tent or canopy,
 Courtly halls or revelry ;—
 Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
 And I behold thee but the while.

THE NOVICE IN TOWN.—NO. II.

[SEE PAGE 66.]

GILES GRENTREE TO HIS COUSIN
 GEORGE GAMBLE.

Harley Street.

Dear George,

I TAKE up my pen again to continue my narrative ; and first, our feast, instead of a round of beef and carrots, or a leg of mutton and turnips, with a good barn-door fowl and some home-fed bacon—turtle, turbot, venison, and a set of things in masquerade were sumptuously served up on china and silver, so that when aunt Polly and I were alone, I remonstrated, and said that I was afraid Alderman Nobbs would soon break, for which my *mild* aunt threatened to break my head. The green fat of the turtle made me sick enough to look at, let alone the eating of it, and so I said at table, on which the company was begged to excuse me, for a poor bumpkin as I was, and a disgrace to the family,—that was the first *choker*; next, as I told you, I was placed mum chance next to the French governess, and after enduring the scorn of the whole party, I amused myself with making *Mamselle* speak bad English, and then with laughing at her, but a slip of paper written upon with a pencil, from Mrs Nobbs, warned me to hold my tongue. I now ventured to take a glass of wine with a decentish fellow opposite me, but on my calling him Sir, I was snubbed and told, when I addressed that gentleman, I was to do it by the name of Sir Matthew ; and what do you think he was ? why what they call a staunch baronet—a certain folk in high life, who has the power of getting an alderman returned for a borough ; you understand me, George. Next to him was a lord ; I dared not

to look at him all the night (for we dined almost at night) for fear of meeting aunt Polly's wicked eyes and black frowns. At last a fine young fellow, who sat on my left, took compassion on me and asked me to drink with him, "that I will says I, "hob or nob." "Oh," said he, smiling, "its all nobbs here." I thought that tolerably smartish, but aunty gave me a pretty look for it. "What wine," say he, "Vin du Grave, or Bucellas?" "Bucephalus," says I, "for I am too grave already." I saw that he laughed at me, which made the colour come in my face, but very good-naturedly he turned it off, and shaking me by the hand said, "you and I will be better acquainted, we'll ride out together tomorrow, and I'll mount you upon one of my own best horses, brother to Smolensko." "Thank you kindly," says I, "I should like to ride a gentleman of such a good family," for I must have a bit of a pun ; and who do you think he was ? why an officer in the king's own body guards, the life guards, with a whisker enough to frighten the crows, and who goes on guard in real armour, like the fellows at Lord Mayor's show, and he has got a dozen horses all his own, and has pretty nearly got through all his own money, so he wants to marry one of my cousins, because he thinks her rich ; but my opinion is, that if they go on in this way much longer, the biter will be bit, and there will not be much cash left for cousin, but I will ride with the lad and make myself as comfortable as I can, in spite of them all. — Well, the rest of the company, some city people, who were rather treated slightly by ma'am Nobbs,

but whom uncle was obliged to be civil to, on account of trade; and a battered beau of a fellow, a lord's brother, whom I thought too civil by half to aunt Polly, and should have thought more than that had I been Nobbs; this sprig of nobility plays upon the alderman, borrows his cash, and flatters up ma'am to have a good word in the house. Poor aunt Polly, upon my life I am sorry for her, these quality notions will turn her head, and she was a mighty good woman before she took up this line, but so altered,—why she is a show of herself; how do you think she was dressed? in what she calls a *gros de Naples*, of pale pink, enough of expensive lace about it for a duchess; her poor starving arms bare, and a great deal more display in front than a modest lady ought to have; I said to her before dinner,—“lau, Aunt, upon my life, you look no better than you ought to be,” whereupon she gave me a tap of a spangled fan on the cheek, and said, “all people of fashion dress thus.” What a figure of fun! you know that her hair is a rusty black, and that she is not overburdened with a quantity of it; well, upon this occasion she had a profusion of flaxen locks, in corkscrew curls, hanging about her neck, and so thick upon her forehead, that she looked just like an owl in an ivy bush, and such a colour on her cheeks, that I innocently asked, “Aunt, do you paint?” “Paint, you fool!” answered she, “to be sure not, only a little of the *vegetable*.” “What vegetable?” said I, “it is most like a red cabbage.” “Idiot!” said Aunt; very civil, you will allow, but that's nothing, bless you, all is artificial in what they call high life, and as soon as I get provided for, I will get out of this mess, for I love honesty and plain dealing, no sham Abraham for me, either side of the house. Purity is a country plant, town air don't agree with it, it withers and gets smoke-dried; but, in its native soil, it is fanned by the breeze of freedom, and flourishes, open and unconcealed

as a good heart, or a generous sentiment: there's for you, George, by goles, I think I should be able to assist uncle Nobbs at a speech. Zooks, I cannot help laughing when I think of him for a parliament man; but I am told that a wig block will do on one side of the house, and a yes and no tory on the other; the leading folks have only to touch the *right* string, and up pop the members in their places; but I am determined to see this with my own pair of eyes, before I will believe it:—why, with us, every man thinks and speaks for himself. I dare say that I have a great deal to learn before I leave London, the shorter the lesson the better, but you shall know it all. I shall visit both houses of parliament, all the theatres, the public walks, the auctions, the sales, and every thing that is curious, and you shall have it all in black and white; by the way, I should very much like to see the king, God bless him! I am told that he is a wonderful man; the life-guard's man says that there is nothing in Europe like him, and I never saw a king in my life, but I will take an outside in the Windsor, and have a look at royalty, for I have been drinking his health ever since I was a boy. And now, George, remember me kindly to the parson and to his agreeable family; what kindness and simplicity there! tell them that Aunt Polly has left off going to church and has become a free thinker; what will they say to that? and that old Nobbs never goes but upon grand occasions, to show himself and put down a handsome subscription for some public concern, where he is sure to be put in print, a thing that ma'am likes vastly; for she told me that Mrs Nobbs' next rout would be in the Morning Post; what a *rant* about nothing; as for me, I shall take care and keep out of the papers, for I was sadly ashamed to see our member's nephew in the account of a watch-house riot and a police report; that would never go down with us in the country, but the devil

is in London. Nice open weather this for hunting, I wish I was among you ; in the mean while, believe me,

Dear George,

Yours sincerely, (a thing not to be met with here)

GILES GREENTREE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the gold flew about after dinner at the

card table, like shot ; bankers and tradesmen playing as deep as the first nobles in the land : but, I say, George, who would like to trust their money with them after that, not I, Cousin, I can assure you. Once more farewell, honest, plain fare, for the fare here is too fine for me.

THE GIPSY OF DEBRETZIN.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
And blanch at once the hair ;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor *Gipsy* knew them all.

MARMION.

IT was now the depth of autumn ; and, according to an immemorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plains ; the greater portion in droskies, or little waggons, and not a few on small, lean-looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest, call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise and be going, ere they hailed, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclosed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars ; the only inheritance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours, they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions ; the cavalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and interchange of

amicable greetings, it divided itself into various portions ; waggons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children ; while perchance a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burthen of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of threatening castigation ; his wide, heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco-smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Sclavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat, mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging generally in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no one took up a permanent residence in the neighbourhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intend-

ed to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant. Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering in the top by means of skins or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, erected booths more fit for shelter and comfort; while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong waggons, screened from the cold and moisture of night by the envelopements of a coarse cloak, or, by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns, and a shrill, murmuring, monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privileges of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters with their masters, and annihilate the marks and remembrances of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men, in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the pipkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook; and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguishing excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debretzin, to assist in the labours of the harvest. In stature, she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise; but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well-favoured; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others. There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright, sweet little creature; and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which it belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream: one foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink; and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher, while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a Cygani or Gipsy; and, as people belonging to the wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm. "This is a fine, calm evening, my

child ; may I have a draught from thy pitcher ?” He drank, and proceeded. “ Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl ?”

“ Nay, now, returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him ; “ nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me ; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray, now ?”

“ These are women’s words,” answered the Gipsy, “ not to be taken just as they are spoken ; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one—nay, but look in my face—a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child ; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise.”

Theresa looked half playfully at him. “ That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me ; but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father. Isn’t it foolish in an old man like you,” added she, added she, smiling “ to be prying into a poor girl’s thoughts ? But—good evening—I am loitering with you here, when I have other things to attend to ;” and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

“ Nay—stop but for a moment, my nightingale ; I ask not your secrets. But what would you say were I to tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about ? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment ; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shews his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene, and change of companions,

bring about change of heart. Yours are not so—if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face.

“ Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell—I must away—good even.”

“ Nay, nay—another moment, and I have done. Methinks I see one who is far away ; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the bank of a stream—its windows look to the east—and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there ; ah ! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both, when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now, you look down, and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear.”

“ How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things ? or how can you know anything about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen ? I could almost think—but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of Father Nicholas’ sermons. Really, I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily,” she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying, and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

“ Let me look at your hand a moment—but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny or sombred with clouds, like you. Why do you hesitate ? Do you doubt my skill ? Indeed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise.”

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him ; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eye along the lines of life.

“ Now I know your destiny, Theresa—Is not that your name ?”

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervour, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him, "He whom you love, Theresa—he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee—but you will not refuse me this;" and gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips,—“it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a Cygani hereafter. Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good-night, and may Heaven bless you.”

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and, during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sat, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbour in the face.

Night passed over, with many a dream peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun, all were astir, and preparing for the field labours. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless, she arose with the rest, partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labours of harvest. To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never before felt such a delight in the soft breeze, and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had arisen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a-fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old Gipsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind, and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had nought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa, mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and, when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party replenished their pipes, and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door,

“Have you been long in these parts?” said old Peter Shemnitz to the Cygani, after an hour’s conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; “or do you reside at a distance?”

“You may as well ask the direction to Cain’s dwelling as to mine.—We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passes from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?”

“What can you give us?”

“Why, almost what you choose, on violin or dudel-sack—Zrinii’s March, Maria Carlvitch, the Song of Istolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna.”

“So you have been at the great city; come, tell us something about it. ’Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over.”

“True, indeed,” said the Cygani, smiling; “the times are miraculously

changed. The French lion has at length been caught in the toils ; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'Tis said the Emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is without doubt ; and so rich and fine ! Ah ! if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots !—if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army ; for we borderers of Transylvania must all be trained up as soldiers. He was my only son ; and after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case ? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind ;—the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne ;—so, having braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked the door of my widowed hut, and set out on what many would reckon a fool's journey."

"Was it so ?—What success had you in your travels ? I dare say you found him out after all ?"

"Alas ! you urge me to recal heavy thoughts to my mind, but——"

"No, no ; save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did ; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son.—There was one of them who had long been his tent-fellow, and had

stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighbourhood. His forefathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations ; till forced, in his fathers time, to mortgage it.—His name was Ludovico—I forgot what more."

"Ludovico Marlin !—I knew him well, I knew him well !—Theresa," he cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door,—*"Theresa, here is one who has seen——"*

"So you knew him ?" said the Cygani, sharply.

"Knew him ! how could I not know him,—Ludovico !—For years many, and full of pleasure, he ate at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth ; though he was no doubt born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest of kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion : for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected and an orphan.—And are we to see him so soon again ? The news is like a cordial to my heart."

"So you are the man I am in search of ?" said the Cygani, catching hold of his hand. "That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road ; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward rout to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare."

Peter scarcely refrained from hugging the Gipsy.—*"Theresa,"* he cried, *"Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and let us make merry. Girl, why do you stand there moping ? make haste !—You have been crying, child ; a pretty occasion, too, surely."*

The wine was set down, and circled ; the pipes whiffed ; the jest and the song went round ; and the Cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years ; and,

as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it "discourse most eloquent music," till twilight had sombered into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the Cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful; the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and, fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odour was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and the wide air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelids; but she smiled away their enquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The Gipsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the waggons;

while we return, in the meantime, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavour to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic Empire, of the fatigues, horrors, and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipsig, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands who returned no more.

From the constitutional laws of Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable—a certain way of maintaining the state of vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency, even from the Herrenstuhl, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation, at Offen. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for thirty years; but at the expiration of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow

up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the outer wall of the house of the Rentrichter; and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and immediately on his return to Debretzin, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities; and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to, and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honours, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible dispatch, things were put into order; and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hussars; for to that rank the fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honourably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends on their accustomed harvest excursions, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or in-

tensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed—his grounds set in order—and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye;—nor could he look upon either, without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sat upon his heart; dreams long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardour glowed in more agreeable colours, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shemnitz and his family should return, less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might shew them all his gratitude, for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed; and the harvest of the peasantry of Debretzin was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the green sward, beneath the lilac trees, the Gipsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly participating of the light-heartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in mind the many happy times, when long, long ago on the banks of the far-off Danube, he himself joined in similar festivities—but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice

of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his reverie, but immediately recovering himself, recognized the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

"So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing."

"What! Theresa?"

"Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 'twere that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?"

"Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?"

"It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but, come in, and you shall see for yourself."

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the Cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, insomuch, that her head sank back on the wall but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. "That man," she thought, "somehow or other possesses secrets, which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings—he dares not to leave them unrevealed; yet he has not the heart to communicate them! May heaven strengthen me for all things!"

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the gipsy, gently taking hold of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do anything for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said, "My dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of, your affection for me

deceives you. Believe me, I am well—nay, shake not your head,—quite well."

"Yes," added the Cygani smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well; as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which, now demands immediate fulfilment—always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the Cygani, he said, "To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it. Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to——"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the Cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L.—"Knowest thou this?—By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand!"

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together, as she approached the gipsy—"oh, say he is well!—Is he at Debretzin?—Oh, he will be here, father, he will not wait; he will be here to see us!—Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart

assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle ; that I—that we should never see him more.”

“Stuff—stuff, Theresa,” said old Peter, checking her ; “you must be well now, and dream so no more.”

“Stuff—stuff,” echoed the Cygani. “On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears Theresa—why do you look afraid, girl?—that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush—neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth.”

“To-morrow we set out early,” said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before ; “and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbours, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise.”

Peter and the gipsy spent a blithe night of it together ; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfulness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, whom he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put in motion. The dews of morning, as yet undrunk by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. No-

thing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the gipsy produced a letter, which he seemed to have forgot, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the Chapel of St John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

“And how looked Theresa?” the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to enquire ; “and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the Cygani brought her from her lover? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were omitted.”

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when the spire of St John’s rose in sight, on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you, that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really—but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned with a rich lace several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned, from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it ; amidst the elysium of which, “a thousand little loves in ambush lay.” Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned

ankle in its silken stocking, and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of "single blessedness."

Although no great judge of these matters, yet it may be affirmed, that since she looked so passing well, the taste of her lover is not much to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in any thing. We stop not to dispute the point—but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri—the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honour and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around the open space by the altar.

Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in. The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in

fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gipsy, who was standing amid the spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance—the perplexity of a father—and he stepped forward, in Christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honour of the auspicious day, and, considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigour. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustachios, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich hussar uniform, stood for an instant confessed—then rushed forward to his matchless Theresa—who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose—the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate vicergerent of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 124.]

EVERETT, ALEX. H.—Chargé d'affaires of the United States, America, to the Court of the Netherlands. A very sensible and very amiable man; who, in the year 1823, wrote a book of about 100 octavo pages, in reply to Mr Malthus; wherein Mr E. deceived himself, we think, of several matters,

which it would be well for anybody to undeceive him in.—In the *first* place, he persuades himself, that "his illustrious friend Sir James Mackintosh,"—that "great statesman and philosopher," as he calls him, (with some propriety, too,)—was able to understand Mr Everett's "new ideas

on population:—now, not being more remarkable for politeness, perhaps—though sufficiently remarkable for that—such as it is—than for our modesty and sincerity, we beg leave to set Mr Everett right.—We say, that Sir James never understood Mr E.'s explanations; because, if he did, we have too much respect for Sir James to believe, that he would have permitted Mr E.—so amiable and good as he is—to expose himself so unhappily, as he has, by publishing the book.

In the *second* place, Mr E. persuades himself, that he had a long conversation with Mr Malthus himself, at the East India College, on the subject of his, Mr E.'s "*new ideas*;" and that he, Mr E. made his theory intelligible, as a *reply* to Mr Malthus.—Now do we undertake to say, that Mr Malthus never did understand Mr E.'s "*NEW IDEAS*;" that he took them for a *defence* of Mr M.'s theory—or—or—that the politeness of Mr Malthus is greater than the sincerity of Mr Malthus.

And, *thirdly*, Mr Everett has persuaded himself—with some difficulty, it would appear—that his book is a *refutation* of Mr Malthus. Now, do we undertake to say, that it is a *confirmation* of Mr M.'s doctrines and theory.

Mr Everett sets out with a denial of Mr M.'s principles, and ends with an *admission* of their truth.

Malthus maintains, that there is a *tendency* in the human family to increase *faster* than the means of subsistence; that pestilence and famine are the means by which the increase of population is kept within the means of subsistence; that, instead of encouraging, we should rather discourage the increase of population—*because* it is better never to have been born, than to die of pestilence and famine.—Of course, we only aim to give the substantial part—the sum and substance of the argument.

Mr Everett says no, to all this.

"Mr Malthus maintains that the increase of population *necessarily* produces distress and scarcity"—says Mr E.—But Mr Malthus maintains

no such thing. He only maintains that there is a *tendency*, in such increase to produce distress and scarcity: and that, after a certain time, and a certain increase, distress and scarcity must be.

Mr E. says, that "the effect of an increase of population is to produce comparative abundance."—(N. B.—For a time, it is.)

Mr Malthus declares, that population increases at the rate of 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. &c.

Mr Everett says, that population increases as 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 10. 100. 1000.—(Mr Owen of Lanark, by the way, says the same thing—in conversation.)

But how does Mr Everett *answer* Mr Malthus? How does he establish his own theory?—take his own words.

"The population of London," says he, "has the power of *doubling itself every twenty-five years*; or, of increasing in the manner of a geometrical progression: But—

"The means of subsistence, which can be obtained, from the *direct* products of the territory, occupied by the city of London, cannot be made to increase with greater rapidity, than that of an arithmetical progression.

"Hence it may be affirmed with *certainty*, at any given moment, that the period must very shortly arrive, when the population of the city of London will be distressed for want of provisions—If (Mr E. overlooked a certain IF, upon which the whole system depends)—If the population of London cannot find provision out of their own territory."

Observe. Mr E. chooses London; states his own case—puts the whole controversy at issue, in his own way; and, as he appears to believe, demonstrates the absurdity of Mr Malthus's doctrine, by this case of London—because the *territory* thereof, "upon which more than a *million persons* are supplied in ease and abundance, does not supply perhaps, *directly*, the means of subsistence for *twenty*."

To all which *argument*, we reply thus. What would become of London, if it could not obtain provision

from abroad?—if it could not obtain the produce of other lands, to nourish its population?—or—which is the same thing—if the whole world were as populous as London?—Would not pestilence and famine follow? and would it not have been better for the surplus population of London—yea, of the whole world, if it had never been born?—

“Such a case cannot happen,” you will say. Granted. But why make such a case for yourself? Why argue that population should be encouraged, because 1,000,000 of people are maintained—(in a territory capable, on your own supposition, of supporting only twenty)—by subsistence, which is drawn out of other territories?—Do you not perceive, *now*, that you have admitted all—everything that Mr Malthus contends for?

You have. But how has it happened?—We will inform you. Mr Malthus reasoned upon *tendencies*—he looked upon the whole world at the same time. You reasoned upon tendencies too; but yours were proximate—his remote: and you saw only a part of the world at a time. He is right, in the whole: you are wrong, in the whole. But—you are right, in supposing, that, for a *time*—among a *part* of the population—*so long as every man is able to raise more food than he himself can consume*, that increase of population may cause an increase of food.—That, however, is never disputed by Mr Malthus. He only wants to know what is to become of mankind, when the earth cannot support them: when they have multiplied—any where—at any time—so that food cannot be had for them: whether a pestilence, a famine, or a civil war, be not likely to do that (long before the whole world has become like a city) which common sense, and wise legislative provisions, might have done ages before, with little or no difficulty—and little or no suffering.—

Mr Everett has also written a work upon EUROPE, which has been spoken well of; but we have never had an opportunity of reading it properly;

and will not venture an opinion upon it, until we have.

EVERETT—EDWARD, (we believe:) late editor of the North American Review; A fine scholar; and a man of uncommon genius. His diction is beautiful and clear; but never bold, passionate or expressive. His eloquence—written eloquence, we mean—is persuasive, chaste, and very agreeable, without being either wonderful, or overpowering. The best of his work is to be found in the North American Review, from the “fall” of 1819, immediately after his return from Greece, when he undertook the Editorship, up to this time. His papers are chiefly relating to language and literature—Greece, Italy, and Germany.—He still writes for the North American Review; and may be placed, undoubtedly, among the first young men of the age.—He was a graduate of Harvard University, Cambridge, (Mass.) near Boston. When about nineteen, or twenty, he was chosen to succeed Mr Buckminster, (whom we have mentioned,) a distinguished Unitarian preacher, in the charge of a very rich, numerous, and respectable congregation—who, in Boston, where all the “clergymen” are spoilt by the idolatry of their congregations, were quite remarkable for their absurd idolatry of Mr E.—a mere boy—a clever boy, to be sure; but, nevertheless, a boy.

Well—Mr E. soon grew tired of the desk. His ambition would not let him sleep. His conscience became tender; and, after some pleasant manœuvring, he cut himself loose from his people, who became exceedingly wroth against him—reproaching him with ingratitude—and all who admired him, with infatuation. Nor was their wrath much lessened, when they found the captain of their salvation—taking orders from another quarter; enlisting as a professor in Harvard University; and preparing to traverse Europe, at the expense (we believe) of that institution.—He went leaving them full power to choose another boy, if they would: spent his time profitably abroad; re-

turned—just when, to hear them talk, you would have believed, that the congregation whom he had so deserted, and set at naught, would sooner have set fire to their church, than permit him to enter it.—We had the good luck to hear him preach his first sermon, after his return. It was delightful—quite a fourth of July oration—full of discreet, beautiful, temperate eulogy upon America—and, in short, any thing *but* a sermon—And—better still, it was delivered, in spite of their teeth—to his old congregation—in their own house—out of their own pulpit.—And his impudence was more delightful, if possible, than any other part of his conduct. He told his congregation in effect—and we might say, in so many words, that he had been thinking of them all the time of his absence; that whenever he heard a certain great bell toll, (perhaps the bell of St Mark's, at Venice)—while he was abroad—he found it unspeakably distressing, on account of his “Brattlestreet” recollections; that—he had, still, one consolation, throughout all his pilgrimage—namely—that he had been succeeded by a friend of his own heart, (Mr Palfrey, standing *behind* him at the time)—who, if any body could, must have supplied *his* place: that he would preach to them, yet, whenever he pleased, in spite of their teeth; and hoped—which hope had been a great comfort to him, while abroad—and at sea—to have the pleasure of seeing their faces again—or of looking upon their graves—and remembering who had buried their friends and relations.—We do not, of course, give the very words: we only say that, substantially, the sermon of Mr E. to his insulted congregation, was what we have said.

Immediately after his return, he undertook the North American Review; and held on, (lecturing, meanwhile upon Greece,) until Mr Sparks, another ex-unitarian minister, left *his* congregation to become the Editor, about a twelvemonth ago.

FARCES.—About a dozen or twenty sober, childish, or disagreeable

“entertainments” have been produced, in the United States of America—by the natives—within the memory of man, we believe—under this title; but, in almost every case, with such a serious, reasonable, or cautious, untimely air, that, when they came to be performed, people—who were not in the secret—nor *concerned* in any way, *with*, or *for*, the piece,—knew not whether to laugh or cry.

The truth is, that our Transatlantic brethren—fruitful, as they certainly are, in a sort of stubborn oddity—a kind of unmalleable humour; abounding, as they certainly do, in what may be called respectable absurdities—have nothing outrageous in their nature; little or no raw material, of their own, for generous broad, rich caricature; no humour, worth working up; no delicious drollery; little or nothing, in themselves or their habits, for good-natured misrepresentation. The farces, in America, therefore, without one exception, are made, by English workmen, of English—or British material—and performed, in almost every case, by Englishmen. Our friends, over the water, in this part of their practice, therefore, not only steal our brooms ready made—but people to use them—which we take to be a great “improvement,” as they would call it, of Joe Millar. The French pieces, which appear in America, are always in *our* translations, after they have been adopted *here*.—

FARMER—DR:—A young physician, who wrote some five or six years ago—some five or six—(we mean to be very bitter, now, of course—*very*)—some five or six downright, Philadelphia poems. Nevertheless—in mercy—that we may not break his heart, altogether—drive him stark, staring mad—we must allow him a word or two of comfort, after this—a spoonful of syrup—a lump of sugar—to quiet him.

He has, really, some good stuff, in his nature: some ore, worth coining:—a little (the stronger, perhaps, for being so little)—of that fiery, strange

element—the true *elixir vitæ*—which, in its rectified state, becomes the elixir of immortality—“that is to say”—poetry.—We would advise him to try once more ; give the public another dose ; and, if they won't have it without—pinch their noses for them, till they are glad enough to swallow it—critics or not.

The poetical ore, by the way, in Dr F. may be estimated—*safely*—thus—6 parts fire : 2 earth : 1 lead : 1 pure gold.

Yes—let him try again. Let him sink a shaft—*not* himself—in some other place—not in Philadelphia—that quaker “ATHENS.” It is too low and flat for him, there : he will find little or nothing but cold water—dirty water, perhaps—go as deep as he may, into that land of accretion ;

where there is nothing primitive but a few Quakers—nothing solid, or heavy, but a few purses, and a few heads—nothing rich or valuable, under the surface ; that alluvial district, where every thing but wreck and rubbish, driftwood or animal remains—like those of the Port-Folio—and some other antediluvian shel-fish—are secondary. Let him do this, in some other place—among the mountains ; work hard, in the granite regions ; build a better furnace ; begin altogether anew ; sweat, like a good fellow, over the anvil—shut his eyes to every thing else—neither sleep nor doze while the fire is in blast. If he follow our advice, we will answer for his “turning out” a piece of workmanship, after all, of which his country may be proud.

CHAPTER ON CHURCHYARDS.

NOT far from the town of —, in —shire, where I passed some weeks in the early part of the present summer, is the pleasant village of Halliburn, much resorted to by persons visiting the county, sojourners in the adjacent town—health-hunters, view-hunters, antiquity-hunters, felicity-hunters,—*Time-killers* ; in short, to whom anything serves for a lion, and as a point in view for an hour's excursion. But there are really things worth seeing in and about that same village of Halliburn, as those friends can bear witness—those dear fellow-view-hunters, in whose company I explored it. *They* will remember, how, after sundry and various consultations, as to *when* we should go, and *how* we should go, and at what time, and for how long, and after consulting the Guide-book, and recalling all we had ever heard reported of this or that place, by *such* or *such* a person ; and after all talking together for an hour, and each suggesting a different plan, and one premising on the *best* authority, that such a road was in an impassable state, and a second re-

joining, from still *better* authority, that it was as smooth as a gravel walk—and one prophesying it would rain, and the rest staking their lives that it would not rain—and some proposing to walk, and others to ride—and one voting for a car that would hold all, and another for a brace of donkey-carts—the matter in debate, at last, resolved itself into something of a settled plan, our clashing votes subsiding like a parcel of little frothy waves into one great billow ; and it was definitively agreed, that we should go to Halliburn—that we should dine early and set out early, to enjoy a fine long summer evening in rambling about there with our books and pencils—that we should go in a car, and that we should go that very evening. Don't you remember all this, dear friends of mine ? and how quickly we dispatched our dinner, and how we packed up the pencils and sketch-books ?—and how James was sent off for a car, of which description of vehicle, *one* of us averred there were hundreds to be hired at every corner—and how James was gone a mortal time—and how we

called him all sorts of names—"loitering," and "stupid," and "blind," and what not—and how he came back at last, looking as innocent as a dove, and puffing like a grampus—and how it turned out that there were but *two* cars in the whole place, and that by superhuman exertions he had at last secured one of them—and how we flew down stairs and found it at the door—and how it was a very odd-looking vehicle! mounted up like a tub upon stilts—and how it cocked up so behind, we could hardly scramble in—and how, when we were in, we looked at the horse, and did not like him, and then at one another, and did not like each other's looks—and how we went off at last, bang! with such a jerk, as jerked us altogether in a bunch, with our eight hands up in the middle, like four pigeons in a pie—and how we tore down the street like fury, and whisked round the corner like a whirlwind—and how the beast of a horse pranced, and snorted like a griffin—and how *one* of us vowed he *was* a griffin, and no mortal horse—and how another of us was partly of the same opinion—and how we all hated the irregularity of his proceedings, and the jolting, and swinging, and bumping of the tub—and how at last we all attacked the driver, and insisted on getting out—and how we all blest our stars on once more touching terra firma—and how we found out that we had narrowly escaped the fate of Mazepa, having actually been tied on to the tail of a wild horse, whose proprietor had allotted to us the honour of breaking his spirit, or our own necks.

Out of evil often good proceedeth—our proud spirits were humbled. We had enough of prancing steeds, and jumping chariots—we had tasted of exaltation, and were satisfied—we had been set up aloft, and were glad to come down again—so with meek minds, and amiable condescension, we entrusted ourselves, *deux a deux*, to a couple of donkey carts, and off we were once more! Ours, you know, Liliass! leading the way. And, don't

you remember—can you ever forget—that blear-eyed goblin, that attended us as a running footman? shuffling along by the side of his donkey, and regaling us, *chemin faisant*, with his amiable conversation. One of his eyes, you know—the right—with its little rusty tuft of eye-brow, had wandered half-way up into his forehead; the other (leaving a long, black, shaggy eye-brow in its natural place) had dropped down hill (lanquishingly half closed) towards the left corner of his mouth, which lovingly twitched upwards to meet it half-way; and his nose was puckered down all on one side into the cheek, by a great red and purple seam; and he was all over seamed and speckled with black, red, and purple, for the poor wretch had evidently been blown up and half-roasted some time or other, though never the worse for it when we had first the happiness of beholding him, except in the afore-mentioned trifling disarrangement of physiognomy, at which, for my part, I was so far from conceiving any manner of disgust, that I thought the countenance had more than gained in character and expression, (which is everything you know,) what it had lost in the trifling point, regularity of features. There was something infinitely piquant! something inexpressibly wild and picturesque (quite Salvatorish) in the tout ensemble! the whole face had undergone a facequake! and sparks of the volcanic flame were yet visible in the one little ferret eye, that gleamed in his forehead like a live coal, as he ran on beside us, now vehemently exciting his donkey to super-donkeyish exertions, now declaiming to us, with all the fervour of a dilettante guide, on views, antiquities, curiosities, fossils, minerals, snail-shells, and Roman pavements. He was a jewel of a guide! "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

Well! you remember we alighted (unlighted, as an old lady of my acquaintance used to say,) at the entrance of the village, and there again debate ensued, as to where we should

first shape our course. There was the church—a fine old church! to be seen, and *perhaps* sketched. There was a famous grotto, of which the Guide-book told wonders; and, lastly, there was, within a pretty walk of the church, an old, old house, the oldest in the county, a manor-house, the property of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, the family of the De la Veres. That venerable mansion was, I believe, the greatest attraction to us all; but, like dainty children, we set it aside for *bonne bouche*, and decided to begin with the grotto. Strange misgivings crept over us, when we were directed through the village street, to the door of a mean-looking house, and told *that* was the entrance to “the cool cavern! the mysterious grot!”—and when, instead of a Nymph, a wood or water-nymph, an Oread, a Dryad or a Hama-dryad, there came forth to greet, and introduce us to the romantic solitude, an old, frightful, painted hag, with her her elf-locks bristling out in papers like porcupine quills from under the frills and flappets of a high French cap, and in her ears, (prodigious ears they were!) two monstrous gold rings, that looked like the handles of a copper teurn. We shrank back at sight of this Gorgon, but she strutted towards us with her arms a-kimbo, and there was a sinister determination in the tone in which she said to us, “Walk in, ladies, and see the grotto.” *She* looked determined that we should see it, and *we* looked at her claws and her fierce eyes, and felt she was not a person to be affronted; so, as our evil stars had led us to the entrance of her den, we submitted to fate, and followed the sylvan goddess—followed her through a dark, dirty, narrow, passage, out at a little mean door, into an enclosed back-yard, about forty feet square, divided into four compartments, containing a parterre—a wilderness—a castle—and *the Grotto!*—and over the entrance to this Elysium, was flung a wooden arch, painted sky-blue, whereon it was notified in gold letters, that “the

whole was to be seen for the considerable sum of sixpence a-head; moreover, that tea and rolls, and all other refreshments, were furnished on equally reasonable terms.”

Oh ye Gods!—so we poor innocents had been betrayed into a sixpenny tea-garden, and, sure enough, there—just opposite to us—perched upon a grass mound, in the—the—the donjeon keep of the castle, I suppose, sat six merry mortals, in a state of earthly beatitude, their faces shining in the red-hot evening sun like fresh varnished vermilion coach-panels,—swilling tea and negus, and stuffing down hot rolls, bread and butter, and cold ham, with most romantic fervour. We paid our sixpences, and made our retreat as quietly and civilly as possible, having first, to pacify our conductress, poked our noses into the dirty coal-hole, stuck with bits of glass, oyster and periwinkle shells, which she called “*The Grotto* ;” and *you*, my dear Liliass, had the complaisance to mount up to the battlements of the castle, (where, by the by, you looked like Sister Anne in Bluebeard,) in compliance with the Gorgon’s importunities. To *you*, therefore, we were indebted for her gracious patronage, when, on inquiring, as we left the enchanted garden, whether strangers were allowed to see Halliburn House, she replied, with a consequential toss of her head, that *she* was well known there, and that if we applied to the butler in the name of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto,” we might be sure of immediate admittance. So much for the first of our three lions; and truly we had obtained sixpennyworth for our sixpence, in the patronage of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto.”

Five minutes’ walk brought us to the next object in our itinerary, and here no *shock* awaited us. No human Gorgon—no officious guide—no Madam Simpson, to fling open the low white wicket, and cry, “Walk in, ladies, for sixpence a-head.”

Sole guardians of the gate, two fine old maples arched over it their interwoven boughs; and many others,

and several majestic elms, were grouped together, or stood singly, in and about the churchyard. A few cottages, with pretty, neat gardens, were scattered around; and at the further end of a broad, smooth grass-plat, parallel with the churchyard, and separated from it only by a low stone-wall, stood the rectory, a long, low, irregularly shaped building, of common brick, and with a tiled roof, but made picturesque by the rich and mellow colouring of age, and by the porches, pent-houses, and buttresses, the additions of many successive incumbents, and by a noble old vine, that covered the entire front, a great part of the long sloping roof, and had even been trained round one of the gables, up to the very top of a high stack of clustered chimneys.

Behind the church and rectory appeared an undulating sea of foliage, ancient oak and beech, with here and there a graceful feathery birch, glancing and shivering in the sun, like silvery froth above the darker waves; and beneath those venerable trees, winded away a broad, shady, park-like road, to which a gate opened from the lane that ran along, behind the church and rectory. That road was the more private approach to Halliburn House, the ancient mansion of the De la Veres, and every object in the surrounding scene was, in one way or other, associated with the past or present circumstances of that venerable race. The whole village had, in former times, been a fief of their extensive lordship, and great part of it was still in their possession. The living was in their gift, and had always been held by a younger son of their house, till the branches began to fail about the old family tree. The church had been erected by their pious progenitors, and many succeeding De la Veres had beautified and enlarged it, and added gallery and organ loft, and adorned the chancel with carved and gilded work, and its long window, with painted glass, emblazoned with the twelve Apostles, and with the family escutcheon; and had enriched its altar with pix

and chalice of massy embossed silver, and with fine damask napery, and with high branched candlesticks of silver gilt; and with scarlet cushions and hassocks, bordered with broad gold lace, and sumptuously fringed and tasselled with the same.—And these pious benefactions of theirs, and their good deeds that they did, and the ring of bells that they gave, and the gilt weathercock that they caused to be set up on the church steeple, and the new face wherewith they did repair and beautify the old clock that was therein, and the marble font that they presented, and the alms-houses that they built, and the school that they endowed—are not all these things recorded in goodly golden capitals on divers tablets, conspicuously affixed in sundry and several places in the said church; to wit, over the great door, and in the centre of the organ-loft, and in five several compartments along the panneling of the long north gallery; and to each and every one of those honourable memorials are not the names of the church-wardens, of the time being, duly and reverently appended?

And on the left, as you go up the chancel, immediately beside the gilded rails of the altar, is the large, square, commodious pew of the De la Veres, to which you ascend two steps. And its floor is covered with what hath been a rich, bright Turkey carpet; and the damask with which it is lined and cushioned, was once resplendent crimson, now faded to tawny orange, and sorely perforated by the devouring moth. And all the testaments, prayer-books, and hymn-books, lying on the carved oak reading-shelves, are bound in vellum, emblazoned with the arms of the De la Veres, and clasped, or have been once, with brazen or silver clasps. But some of them have bulged out of all bookish shape, and the fine parchment covers have shrunk up like sear and shrivelled leaves. That small, thick prayer-book, in particular, that was once so splendidly emblazoned—One clasp still hangs, by half a hinge, on one remaining

cover—the other is quite gone from the curled and tattered leaves. And see! on that blank leaf before the title-page is some pale, discoloured writing. First, in a fine, delicate, Italian hand, comes the name of

“Agnes de la Vere—her Book,
Ye gifte of her Hond Mother,
Dame Eleanor de la Vere,
June ye 20the, 1614.”

And lower down, on the same page, is again written, in larger and more antique characters—

“Mye deare Childe dyed
June ye 26the, 1614,
in ye 19the yeare of her age.—
“Ye Lord gave, & ye Lord taketh awaye.
Blessed be ye name of ye Lord!”

Those words have been blotted as they were written, but not alone by the unsteady *hand* of the writer.

The book falls open at the Psalms.—See! at the xxth morning of the month—and there! there!—in that very place, almost incorporated by age into the very substance of the paper, are a few stiff, shrunken rose leaves! They fell, doubtless, from the bosom of that young Agnes, on that happy birth-day; and before those leaves were withered, the human flower had dropt into the dust! And now, what matters it, or to whom, that the lovely and the loved was taken hence so early?

And all the chancel, and many other parts of the church, are covered with hatchments and monumental tablets of the De la Veres. Of the former, some, so faded and blurred by age and damp, that the proud bend of the milk-white plume, towering from its coronated crest, is scarce distinguishable from the skull that grins beneath, in the centre of its half-obliterated “Resurgam.”—On the right of the altar, just opposite the family pew, is a railed-in space, containing two monuments—One of great antiquity; the other very ancient also, but of a much later age.—Both are altar tombs. The first—once deeply and richly wrought with curious carved work—is worn away (all its acute angles and salient points, and bold projections, flattened and

rounded off) to a mere oblong stone, one side of which has sunk deep into the pavement of the church. Two figures, rudely sculptured, are extended on it. One of a knight in armour—(see! that mailed hand is almost perfect,) and of a lady, whose square head-gear, descending in straight folds on either side the face, is still distinguishable, though the face itself has long been worn away to a flat, polished surface—just slightly indented at the place the mouth once occupied. The upper part of the Knight’s high Roman nose still projects from his demolished visage; and one can still trace the prominent cheek-bones, and the bold martial brow—

“Outstretch’d together, are express’d
He and my ladye fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer:
Long-visag’d—clad in armour, he—
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.”

Their heads repose on a tasselled cushion, and a greyhound couches at their feet—and on the sides of the tomb — — — is it really impossible to make out any part of that long inscription?—Surely some words are yet legible here and there—some letters at least. See! that great R is plain—and the next letter, i—and all the following ones may be spelt out with a little patience—and, lo! the name that was doubtless consigned to immortality—“Sir Richard de la Vere.”—And then! lower down, on that third line, the word—“Plantagenet”—and then again, “Kge. E—w—,” Edward, surely—and those figures must have designated him III^d of the name, for immediately after, “Cressy” is plainly discernible. And on the shield—what countless quarterings have been here! One may trace the compartments, but no more—and the rich mantle! and the barred helmet! and then—oh, yes—surmounting the helmet, there are the ducal coronet, and the fine ostrich plumes, the noble achievements of the De la Veres, won by that grim knight upon the plain of Cressy—“Requiescat in pace”—Sir Richard de la Vere!

And on this other tomb are also extended two figures, male and female—and theirs is the fashion of a later age.—There is the slashed vest, and the bulky, padded shoulders and chest, and the trunk hose, and long pointed shoes, with larger rosettes, of Elizabeth's or James' era.—And the small ruff and peaked beard of the male figure, and the chain, and the great thumb ring—all perfect.—And the lady's little jewelled skull-cap, and monstrous ruff, and hour-glass shape, and the multitudinous plaits of her nether garments.—And on that compartment of the tomb, the shield, with the proud bearings, is visible enough. It hath been emblazoned in colours proper, and patches of gules and azure yet cling to the ground-work, and that griffin's claw is still sheathed in or.—And the surrounding inscriptions are all legible. In the compartments opposite, are the names of "Reginald de la Vere," and "Dame Eleanor, his wife, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Marmaduke Hepburn." And in the next, and next, and yet another, of three "faire sonnes," who preceded their parents to the grave—and last—(here is *no vacant space*) of "Agnes de la Vere, their only daughter."—Ah! yes—the same.—See there the end of all things!—Illustrious descent—heroic deeds—worldly prosperity—parental hopes—strength, youth, and beauty!—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

Look! in that dark corner of the chancel, at the termination of that narrow passage running along from the communion table behind the two monuments, is a low strong iron door, just visible from the family pew. More than half a century hath passed away since that door hath grated on its rusty hinges, but before that period, frequently were its heavy bars removed, and down the narrow stair to which it opens, generation after generation of the De la Veres descended to their "dark house of kindred dead," till no space remained unoccupied in those silent chambers. And it should seem that the extinc-

tion of the ancient race drew near, from the time that their sepulchral home, having received the apportioned number for whom its rest was prepared, closed its inexorable doors against their posterity. Certain it is, that from about this time the name has been gradually perishing away from among the rolls of the living, till it rested at last with three persons only, the son and two daughters of the tenth Reginald.

That son was named after his martial ancestor, but the last Richard De la Vere lived and died a man of peace, a widower, and childless; for the wife of his youthful love had been taken from him in the first year of their union, and, from the time of her death, withdrawing from the world and from public life, and well nigh from all neighbourly intercourse, he had lived entirely at the old family mansion with his two unmarried sisters, whose veneration for the last male survivor of their ancient race, as well as their strong affection for him, suffered them not to murmur, even in thought, at the life of total seclusion, which, in all probability, condemned them to one of single blessedness. So the squire and his two faithful companions lived on together a long life of tranquil monotony, a vegetative dream-like existence, so unruffled by the usual accidents of "chance and change," that their very minds became stagnant, incapable of reflecting exterior objects, and insensible to the noiseless wafting of Time's pinions, that swept by so gently.—But those quiet waters brooded on their own depths—on "the long-faded glories they covered," and perhaps the pride of ancestry, and the feeling of hereditary consequence, were never more powerful than in the hearts of those three secluded persons, whose existence was scarcely remembered beyond the precincts of their own domain, whose views, and cares, and interests, had long been circumscribed by its narrow limits, and with whom the very name itself, the long-transmitted name, would so soon descend into the dust

and be extinct forever. Barring this human failing, and perhaps also the unsocial retiredness of their general habits, which had grown on them imperceptibly, partly from natural shyness, heightened by indulgence into morbid feeling, and partly from the altered circumstances of the family, which they shrank from exposing to the vulgar eye—Barring such human failings, these last descendants of the De la Veres were kind, and good, and pious people, beloved in their household and amongst their tenantry, and never named but respectfully (when named at all,) even by the neighbouring gentry, with whom they had long ceased to keep up any visiting intercourse, beyond the rare occurrence of a morning call. So years stole on, till age had palsied the firm step of the squire, and silvered the bright locks of the once blooming sisters.

Then was the last branch shaken off the old sapless tree. Three withered leaves yet hung upon it, to be succeeded by no after vegetation. First dropt the brother; and soon after the youngest of the venerable sisters; and then one poor, infirm, solitary female, the last of her race, was left alone, in the desolate habitation

of the once flourishing De la Veres. But if you would know more of that antique mansion, and of its aged mistress and her immediate predecessors, you must come outside the church, for there are *their* sepulchres. There, since the closing up of the family vault, have the later De la Veres made their beds in the dust, though *without* the walls of the church, yet as near as might be to its subterranean chambers, and to the ashes of their kindred dead. These things that I have spoken of—those tombs and those hatchments, and the family pew, and the low iron door—are they not to be seen, even unto this day, in the ancient church of Halliburn?—You know, dear Lilius! they so engrossed our attention on our first visit to the same, that time remained not that evening for our purposed survey of the old family mansion. Besides, the churchyard was yet to be conned over, and the sun was already descending behind the distant hills. So taking our outward survey of the venerable church, and a slight pencil-sketch, almost as rapidly executed, we turned our faces homeward, reserving for another evening the farther prosecution of our antiquarian researches.

ESCAPE OF THREE NUNS FROM THE MONASTERY OF ST CLARE.

TWO officers of an English regiment, stationed at St Philips, in Minorca, in 1749, being induced by curiosity to go and converse with the Nuns of St Clare, through the iron grate, saw two with whom they fell desperately in love. They declared their passion, solemnly promised to marry the ladies whenever they could be got out, and received all the encouragement they could wish. Many were the schemes formed by the ladies to evade the vigilance of the old nuns their keepers, to pick the locks, and get over the walls; at length they got a key to the door that opened out of the house into the garden; and having given the slip, in

the dark, to the nun who locks them up when they go to bed (for they all sleep in one room), they went into the garden about twelve at night, where the two gentlemen were ready to receive them; who by ladders had got over a wall twenty feet high, and by the same means conveyed the ladies out. But how surprised were the gentlemen, when, instead of only the two that they expected, they found a third, who was a volunteer! This was the confidant of the other two; and though she knew of nobody that would give her protection, yet was resolved, at all events, to get from her imprisonment; thinking nothing could happen to her so bad as

to be kept in the nunnery for life. Though the nunnery is in the middle of the town, and every way surrounded with houses, and though it was clear moon-shine, nobody observed them scaling the walls; otherwise the consequences might have proved fatal; for the gentlemen were well armed, and resolved, at all events, to carry off their prizes.—Next morning, upon missing the nuns, the whole convent was in confusion; and the town took the alarm, concluding they were among the English, as none else could be so wicked as to harbour them.

The gentlemen immediately applied to the English chaplain to marry them, who acquainted them, that if the ladies continued Roman Catholics, he would not marry them; for, though he did not look upon the vow of chastity which they had taken, to be lawful in itself, yet it was binding while they continued of that persuasion; and they might look upon any future engagements as contrary to a prior vow. Putting the question to the ladies, they readily replied, that they looked upon their vow as unlawful in itself; and that it was so contrary to the dictates of their own natures, that they could not believe it was enjoined them by the God of nature; they doubted therefore the truth of that religion which imposed such cruel hardships upon them: for which reason they were very desirous to be instructed in the protestant religion. They added, that the vow was extorted; for that, when they were seventeen years old, (the time of their taking the habit) they informed their father confessor of their aversion to that secluded life, and their resolution not to take the vow. But he told them, if they came out of the nunnery, their relations would put them to death; and upon his acquainting the abbess with their worldly inclination, she shut them up in a dark dungeon, fed them only with a little bread and water, and whipped them every day with a cat-o-nine-tails, till she forced them into a compliance.

The chaplain was five or six days instructing them in the protestant re-

ligion; all which time the Romish clergy had, by the general's orders, free access to them, that if they could prevail upon them to continue Roman Catholics or return to their convent, they should be left entirely to the freedom of their own wills.

The priests pressed them to return back to their convent, from the obligation they lay under from their vow; and urged that their marriage was impossible, they being already espoused to Jesus Christ; but their arguments were inferior to those of the Protestant priest. However, when they found that the ladies inclined to the protestant religion, they offered, if they would continue catholics, to give them immediately a dispensation from their vows, without waiting for one from Rome (which, however, was not in their power) and to marry them to whom they pleased. This, however, was ineffectual; they made a formal renunciation of the church of Rome, and the chaplain took upon him the power of the Pope for once, giving the two ladies a dispensation from their vows, and marrying them the day after they had declared themselves protestants.—From the time of their escape till they were married, they continued in the lodgings of their two lovers; but the doors and windows of the room where they lay were sealed up every night before the priests, and opened before them in the morning, to satisfy their relations that the gentlemen had no communication with them. The unmarried lady was put into a gentleman's house, under the care of his lady, and was married in a month's time to another officer.

It is not to be conceived into what a ferment this adventure threw the whole island. All the relations of the ladies (who were of the best families in the place) all the magistrates, and all the clergy, were constantly harassing the general, complaining of the sacrilege committed, and petitioning that the nuns might either be returned back to their convent, or delivered up to their relations; they did not say to put them to death, but, doubtless, that would have been

their fate, if either of these requests had been granted. When they found that they could not succeed with him, they took advantage of one of the gentlemen being abroad one evening, and having bribed one of the servants, his wife's mother, and some of her relations, came into his house, and carried her away by force. They designed to have sent her in a boat to Majorca, and have put her into the inquisition; but as soon as she was missed, the gates of the town were shut, and guards placed, that no body might go out: then a search was made for two days, but all to no purpose. Orders were then issued to put all those concerned in carrying her off in prison, and they were threatened with death, unless they

would produce her. This order induced them to deliver her up. They had kept her in bed all the time she was among them, and would not suffer her to put on her cloths, lest she should run away, or get to the windows and call out to any of the English; but did not use her any otherwise ill, knowing it would be retaliated upon them. They brought a priest to re-convert her, whose endeavours, you may believe, were in vain; she had tasted too much of the sweets of liberty to think any more of convents and cells.

One of the ladies made a Spanish song upon their coming out of the nunnery, which a gentleman turned into English, to the tune of, *By Jove I'll be free.*

DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[SEE PAGE 126.]

THE DEVIL IN THE SHAPE OF A HARE.

IN the year 1573, Joachim von Hagen, Lord hereditary of Nubel, went out to hunt on a Good Friday; and as he, during service-time, rode with his dog along the shore by Hattlund, the devil came in the shape of a hare, and allowed himself to be hunted about by the dog. Then the devil sprung over a large stone or rock, in which are yet to be seen the prints of his feet; but the hound, in endeavouring to follow him, tumbled over the stone, and broke his neck. Then the same hare sprung back again, and was pursued by the youth, until it once more bounded over the stone; and the hunter, who was coming behind, ran himself and his horse against the rock, and both fell down dead.

THE DEVIL RUNS AWAY WITH A LADY.

Dame Christiana Von Hagen, a noble lady of Holstein, and widow of Otto Rantzow, was walking with several distinguished females before the castle-gate of Lubeck; and upon her going somewhat aside from the others, she was suddenly carried off by the devil; so that she was never seen again, alive or dead. Her wait-

ing-woman confessed, that this lady was acquainted with the black art, and was very fond of reading mysterious books.

THE DEVIL STEALS SWINE.

At the time Peter Bass was superintendent of Upper Moen, a peasant who resided there lost a sow, with her litter of nineteen pigs. He sought for them every where in the neighbourhood, but all to no purpose. After the lapse of a year, the fellow one day, at the entrance of a wood, met the devil himself riding on a swine, and driving before him nineteen others, which he frightened by beating upon a huge copper kettle. The nineteen swine that went foremost were in excellent plight; but the sow which the devil rode was very lean and haggard. The boor, who instantly recognized his lost property, began therupon to shout and holloa in such a manner, that the devil, surprised and disconcerted, dropped the copper kettle, abandoned the swine, and took to flight as fast as he could. Then the peasant rejoiced at heart, drove the swine home, and gave Peter Bass the kettle to keep in remembrance of so remarkable a circumstance.

PETER VOGNFORER.

There was once a priest belonging to Bierbye church in Vendsyssel, by name Peter Vognforer. He was very cunning, and knew a great deal besides his paternoster. Having taken a dislike to a priest at Isdale, he so managed with his hidden art, that the priest always stammered when he mounted the preaching stool. Soon this Peter Vognforer was had up before the king, where he was judged, and as the story goes, condemned to be burnt on a pile of fag-gots.

THE HOSTILE WARRIORS.

At a small distance from the town of Kiersing, two warriors lie buried in a wild moor; their names are Ginfeseek and Syre Prentepose. They lived in mutual hate, and, even now they are dead, that hatred is unabated. Every night they rise from the mould, and wander about the moor in quest of each other; and when they meet, they begin a combat, the noise of which is frequently heard for miles. Several years since, a man was passing by night over the moor, when a tall, frightful-looking warrior met him, and cried with a horrible voice, "Do you know me?"—"No," replied the man, trembling. "I am Syre Prentepose," said the giant: "come not again to my moor by night, or I will twist your head off; but provided you now tell me where Ginfeseek is I will give you as much gold as you can carry home."

THE PUNISHMENT OF WICKEDNESS.

A little girl served in a farm house between Gyrsting and Gelytterup. Once, upon a holiday, she wished to pay a visit to her aged mother, and asked permission so to do. Her mistress consented, and gave her five loaves to carry to her mother, who was very poor and necessitous. Away went the girl, drest like a lady, in her finest clothes. But when she came to a part of the road where there was so much mire and dirt that she could not pass through without soiling her new shoes, she flung the loaves, one after the other, into the slough, and endeavoured to walk over upon them; but while in this

wicked act she was swallowed up by the earth, and a ballad is still sung, founded on this shocking circumstance.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Once upon a time an aged man, with a long beard, a stick in his hand, and a bundle upon his back, was seen walking across the plain of Frankholm down to the lake of Halle. When he came to the water he neither stopped nor turned aside, but plunged in without the least hesitation, and the lake immediately concealed him for several minutes, he then walked out at the other side by the castle of Halle. Both young and old who had observed this, were struck with wonder, and all concluded that it must have been the wandering Jew, as no doubt it was.

THE MIGHTY SWORD.

There stands near Horsen a tower, called Bygholm; near to it is a heath, and in this same heath is a hillock, in which once was found a sword of such an enormous size, that it required three horses to remove it to the tower. But it did not remain long at Bygholm, every night all the other weapons in the armoury clattered and clashed till the very walls shook, and there was no end to this tumult till the sword was carried back, and buried again in the hill.

ST MARGARET'S FOUNTAIN.

There lived at Thisted a maiden of the name of Margaret she was so pious, virtuous and lovely, that her fame resounded through the whole country. Once, when she was going to church, she was forced and murdered by three robbers, who lived in the hills of Gelade; but on the very spot where this inhuman outrage was perpetrated, there sprang from the earth a lovely fountain, which was considered by the people as a proof of her innocence and sanctity. Men and women who came sickly and weak to this fountain, recovered their health and strength by tasting its waters, and it is said, that from the money the grateful pilgrims left by the fountain, the church of Gelade was built, and consecrated to the honour of St Margaret.

THE BLUE EYES OF MY MARY.

AIR—Over the water to Charlie.

OH ! bright were the days ! for their gloomiest hour
Was at worst, but a lost one only,
When I stole before time to our sweet rose-bower,
And, though among flowers, felt lonely ;
Till, soon, a light footstep came quickening on,
And I look'd for a fawn or a fairy,
But, instead—through the roses—beheld, in the sun,
The laughing blue eyes of my Mary.

How oft would I turn from her kisses, and try,
In my fulness of joy to discover
Some cause for a tear ; but in earth, sea, and sky:
There was nothing I—*could* ?—would weep over.
For e'en if that sky had enshrouded its hue,
It were nought to make *me* sad or wary ;
I'd a heaven of *my own*, as bright and as blue,
In the soft sunny eyes of my Mary.

And well I remember one golden eve,
When the moon had given day warning,
But his rays were so long in taking their leave,
That it seemed they would revel till morning ;
An old gipsy we met at the garden gate,
And though she was haggard and hairy,
How charming I thought her while telling my fate
Word for word with the eyes of my Mary !

That moon just silver'd the winding brooks,
And again fell under the mountain,—
Yet I fancied it ling'ring on Mary's looks,
Though dim was the face of the fountain,—
When I said, as I turn'd to the load-star of night,
Whose beams never lessen nor vary,
" Sure nought under heaven is so constant and bright,
" — *Except the blue eyes of my Mary.*"

But Mary is gone ! and the heart she led
To the cage her enchantments wove it,
May flutter unheeded, unfreed, unfed,
With no one to cherish, to love it ;
Near *her*, I could bear the sweet thralldom as well
As her own gay bird of Canary ;
But the songs that I pour, and the sorrows they tell,
Are unwept by the eyes of my Mary.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER

RESIDING IN COLUMBIA,—FROM MARACAIBO TO MERIDA.

LEAVING Maracaibo early in the morning, we proceeded by the lake until we arrived at Puebla Laguna, a small village about six leagues from Maracaibo, consisting of about forty houses or huts, on the margin of the lake : here we proposed breakfasting. Having sent one of our gondoliers, or bargemen, to announce our arrival to the villagers, the chief person came to the beach to invite us ; and we accompanied him to his habitation, through a long pathway, intersected with cocoa-nut trees of an amazing height, and bending with the weight of the nuts ; this damp sit-

uation being favourable to the growth of them. As we entered the house, an open house to the world, having neither door nor windows, his daughters, six in number, were employed in making tippets, or handkerchiefs, of the down of the golden heron,—myriads of which resort to this lake. These tippets, made in alternate lines, were tinged with the beautiful tints which the plumage of those tropical birds display, especially when exposed to the rays of the sun. Even in Europe, they would be considered rich and beautiful. I wished to purchase one, but was told the sale of them was prohibited, until the state officers' ladies were first supplied. This branch of feather-manufacture was confined to the nuns of St Clara, until the revolution caused a schism amongst them, and some of them left the convent ; among which was Leona, our host's daughter, a fat, pleasant woman, about forty, who communicated her knowledge to her sisters. This radical nun informed me that the knowledge of their handicraft was obtained by the sisterhood from an Englishwoman, the wife of a deserter from Buenos Ayres, who left General Whitelocke's division, and died in the hospital at Merida ; to her the nuns were also indebted for many recipes in cookery as well as millinery. A large basket of wild-fowls' eggs having been brought in by an Indian boy, Leona began to prepare breakfast. As I had some curiosity respecting the mode of dressing plantains, I watched her culinary preparations, which consisted of lard, seasoned with Chili pepper and lime-juice, in which the plantains were fried, being garnished with pomegranate seed and some red berries. In like manner were fried the eggs, and a species of fish not unlike trout, except the head, which resembled a mullet, of very delicate flavor. Our breakfast consisted of those, with the addition of cocoa-nut milk and coffee ; and never did I breakfast with so much gusto ; while Leona's pleasant sallies made me forget I was in company with one of the holy sisterhood of Santa Clara.

I asked her whether she meant to return to the convent, now that her party were successful : she said, not until her poor father left this world, as she was his principal support since he lost his sons in the Caraccas struggle. I told her, I thought she was more laudably employed in this way, than in working out her own salvation in a corner of a cell ; and added, the pious duties of a wife would do her more honour in the next world than mortification would in this. She burst into a fit of laughter, and told me that the English always endeavoured to lead poor women astray,—and that the *soldados sangras*, who remained after Whitelocke, played the devil in the country. Having remarked a little coral cross which I wore, she said I was a Christian. "Yes," I said, and wished to make her a present of it ; but she received it reluctantly. I now took leave of my kind host, and wanted to force two dollars on him ; but he refused, adding that Leona would be very angry, after receiving my handsome present. But judge of my surprise at seeing a small wicker basket, crammed with three days' cooked provisions, sent off to the boat by Leona's orders. I now shook hands with this good-natured nun : shewing her a ring, I told her jocosely I meant that should bind us. She smiled, and looking up, said her husband was in heaven ; but should she marry on earth, she would choose me ; at the same time, giving me one of the tippets, she requested I would let no person see it until I arrived in Europe, when I should sometimes think on her.

The sun shone in full splendour over the lake, adding beauty and dignity to rocks, trees, and precipices that overlooked it, and were reflected in the crystal waters. On the right, the country appeared more open, with very little cultivation. Although the bottom appeared thirteen or fourteen fathoms in depth, a person would suppose it within a fathom, and that its innumerable funny inhabitants of every hue were within

grasp, such was the clearness and transparency of the gravelly bottom, impregnated with gold and other minerals, with a quantity of crystalline gravel and shells. About three leagues distant we betook ourselves to our mules, which had made a circuit of the lake in order to join us, and proceeded up the country by the river Chama, that rolled beneath the rugged and painful track we had ascended, with great velocity and astounding murmurs, along a bed of rocks, sometimes forming a smooth sheet of water, at other times, an irregular cascade. After a painful journey we arrived at a bleak eminence or tableland, on which was built a small hut, where we halted. But judge of our astonishment at finding here the wretched habitation of an English deserter, in the last stage of a consumption; he had undergone a severe castigation by order of Morales, for refusing to fight against the British legion at Boyaca: he was tied up, and got four hundred lashes on the soles of his feet with a *peterculo*, added to the *malditas* or ulcers, caused by the mosquitoes in prison, of the most painful description, discharging a fetid ichor. He informed me, that being disgusted with Whitelock's treachery, he, with a number of others, deserted from Monte Video, allured by the promises of the treacherous Spaniards; that after living a debauched life, most of them died unpitied; that disgusted with this sort of life, he took up with a native woman, who remained constant to him even to that moment, and aided his escape from the dungeon of Maracaibo. He regretted that he had ever left his brave regiment, and placed confidence in the faithless Spaniards. Having recommended him to the care of Dr Murphy, the surgeon-general at Valencia, whose countryman he was, we continued our route to Merida, along a beautiful and picturesque country, abounding in haciendas, or plantations of sugar: here the vine and olive are cultivated. Merida appeared in view, situated in the most fertile spot in the world, with an equality of

climate seldom known, only from forty-four to sixty-four degrees. Here a man can choose his own temperature, as he may live in the valley in sixty-four degrees in the shade, and walk in two hours to where the thermometer will get down to forty, or even lower, as he ascends the lofty Paramo; or he may live mid-ways, and have his haciendas in the valley; he may combine, too, interest with all those advantages, as the haciendas yield incredible crops of wheat, peas, pulse, beans, potatoes, Indian corn, even indigo, cotton; and, in a word, the products of India, as well as Europe, may be the property of one man on the same estate.

The town of Merida is the second largest in the province of Venezuela, but, like its rival the Caraccas, has suffered by the earthquakes. Two-thirds of the buildings are in ruins, and some very fine houses are uninhabited, although tastefully ornamented with gilded pillars and handsome verandas; also green-houses and kitchen-gardens. This town exhibits more of European taste than any in South America, and is better adapted for an European settlement than any other, from the equality of its climate, fertility of its soil, and proximity to the port of Maracaibo, being only five days' journey from Merida. A little trouble would make the Chama, which washes the town, navigable to the lake of Maracaibo: this is the *entrepôt* of the Lanos. Perhaps there is not in the world a happier spot, as the clergy knew, having immense haciendas here: there were three Dominican friars and two convents, — verifying the remark of the learned gentleman who said,

No jesuit ever took in hand
To build a church in barren land.

And, indeed, the holy fathers were so well aware of the delights of this little paradise, that they very charitably excluded every person who was not a well-known benefactor to their community. But there are at present but a few radical monks in our convent, and a few puns of the same de-

nomination. Here are a greater number of flowers and exotics than are to be found in any collection ; and I am persuaded that the place will become

an European settlement, combining all those advantages to the quantity of neglected estate in its vicinity, and the mildness of the laws.

TRADITIONS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

We are sensible that next to the authentic source from whence this tradition is derived, and which gives it its principal value, a great part of its charm consists in the plain, manly, unadorned, and unaffected strain in which it is written. At a time when so much contemptible trash is published concerning the Highlands of Scotland, we are glad to be able to communicate something on that subject, which is not only curious and interesting to the great body of mankind, but is of inestimable value to those who are versed in the history and antiquities of that remote district.

THE BLACK KNIGHT OF LOCHOW.

THE power of Richard, and the treachery of his mercenary partisans in Scotland, had almost effected a cessation of all open resistance in that unhappy country. In the Highlands, however, a few individuals still avowed hostility to the tyrant, and among these Sir Niel Campbell, the black Knight of Lochow, made the most conspicuous figure. He was the chief of that ancient race, the descendant and the progenitor of many a soldier and patriot. His influence rendered him formidable, his principles were unquestionable, and his talents were of the highest rank. John Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, was his neighbour ; and unfortunately for himself and his family, the powerful faction, which favoured the English interest, availing themselves of his youth and inexperience, entangled him in their toil, by his marriage with a sister of the red Cumming. To conquer or to corrupt Sir Niel was an object of the first importance to the whole party ; and many attempts were made by the Lord of Lorne to accomplish that, but without success. When the Southern parts of Scotland were roused by the efforts of the renowned Wallace, the hostile disposition of the Knight of Lochow, became a matter of serious consideration to Richard, and that monarch entered into a treaty with Sir John Macfadzean, granting him the lands then possessed by Sir Niel, and also the

very extensive estate of the Lord of Lorne, provided he should conquer the obnoxious Chief. The Lord of Lorne was to be remunerated for his property in another quarter, but Campbell was to be utterly destroyed, root and branch.

Duncan Macdougall, the uncle of Lord Lorne, was true to the cause of his country, and opposed the plans of the English faction with zeal and ability. Tradition asserts, that he gave his assistance to Sir Niel, and history appears to countenance this assertion. Macfadzean's force was, however, too numerous to be openly combated in the field. He had collected an army of 15,000 men, consisting of Irish and treacherous Scotch, who had joined him with the hope of plunder ; and Campbell showed a degree of skill and conduct as a general, which was worthy the best days of Greece or Rome. Availing himself of his accurate knowledge of the country, he retreated before the barbarous horde, which had penetrated into the heart of Argyleshire, and by a circuitous route he enticed the enemy to pursue him to a narrow pass, from which he escaped by a wooden bridge, which he then destroyed. He immediately occupied an impregnable position, and left Macfadzean in a situation where he was exposed to every disadvantage. The country in his rear was extremely barren, and the barrier in his front, defended by his

gallant opponent, was impenetrable. The pass we allude to is that of *Brandir*, where the river *Arve* escapes from the lake of that name; and the position which Sir Niel took up, is the lofty ground and rock of *Craiginaony*, on the western side of the river.

Great as these advantages were, they could not enable Campbell to accomplish the object of his wishes; for the enemy could plunder and destroy the country in the course of a little time; and it became necessary to inform Sir William Wallace of his situation; Duncan Macdougall had been a school-fellow of Wallace, and their kindred feelings had produced intimacy and friendship. Under the critical circumstances in which their affairs stood, Duncan offered to be the ambassador of his brave countrymen. He left Sir Niel, and crossed the lake by night, accompanied by one faithful attendant, called Gillimichael, who is supposed to have been the progenitor of the Mac Michaels (or C  rmichaels) of this country; and was then advanced in life, but still celebrated for swiftness of foot and for bravery. Tradition relates that Duncan found Wallace at Dundaff, and on hearing the condition in which Campbell was placed, he instantly resolved to march to his assistance. The case, indeed, admitted of little doubt or hesitation: Scotland contained few such men as Sir Niel, and if Macfadzean and his adherents were victorious over him, Wallace would have been surrounded by enemies on all sides.

This was about the time when that illustrious patriot had returned from the overthrow of the English in the Barns of Air. Having mustered his forces at the bridge of Stirling, he found them two thousand strong. Duncan of Lorne was his guide, and he sent forward Gillimichael to procure intelligence of the enemy. The march of Wallace was so rapid, that a considerable portion of his army was unable to support the fatigue, and he determined to divide the strong from the exhausted. The first divi-

sion, consisting of seven hundred men, he commanded in person, accompanied by Sir John the Gr  me, Richard of Lundi, and Wallace of Richardtown. On the rout they were met by Sir Niel Campbell, who had left Craiginaony in the middle of the night, and contrived to deceive Macfadzean with the belief that he still maintained his position, having ordered a small part of his force to remain there to support that appearance. Macfadzean sent out a scout to obtain information, but he was encountered and slain by the faithful Gillimichael, and he who had despatched him was ignorant that his formidable enemy was at hand.

Sir Niel Campbell brought three hundred of his brave clan to join Wallace; and having intelligence that Macfadzean continued at the pass of Brandir, they made every possible haste to attack him in a situation where he was encumbered by his numbers, and could not bring a tenth man into action. The onset of Wallace was indeed terrible, and the horde of Macfadzean fell back five acres, but he rallied them, and they made a stout resistance; at length, however, the valour and the cause of Wallace prevailed. The Irish gave way and fled, and the Scots among them kneeled for mercy. Vast numbers were slain among the rocks and fastnesses, and two thousand were drowned in the lake. Macfadzean, with a few men, took refuge in a cave, where he was discovered and put to death by Duncan of Lorne. His head was stuck up on the pinnacle of a lofty rock, which is still distinguished by his name. Sir Niel Campbell and his men were conspicuous for their bravery on this memorable day. Sir John Macfadzean appears to have been an Irishman, but his clan was of a very ancient standing in the West Highlands: in the island of Mull particularly, they certainly possessed considerable landed property before this period; but they never recovered the destruction which they suffered on this occasion. Exclusive of the loss of their lands, the very

name become odious; and even to this day there is a strong prejudice against it among their countrymen, though they are generally totally ignorant of the cause from which it originated. The cause, without doubt, was the part which their chief acted, in espousing the English interest at this time; and though it is now above 500 years since the event occurred, the effect has not yet ceased. The same remark applies, perhaps more strongly, to the remnant of that once powerful clan, the Cummings. However cruel and unjust such prejudices may be, and however little men of sense will be led by them, it

must be confessed that they operate greatly in favour of patriotism and public spirit. Soon after the defeat of this very formidable force at Brandir, Sir William Wallace called a meeting of the principal men of the Western Highlands in the Priory of Ardchattaw, and he there exacted their oaths of fidelity to Scotland. He remained for some time at that place, endeavouring to rectify the many evils which had for some time existed, in consequence of the unhappy state of the country. It was in the same place that King Robert Bruce afterwards summoned a Parliament to assemble.

VARIETIES.

DEATH OF A CALIPH FROM GRIEF.

IN the Abbé de Marigny's History of the Arabians, is an account of a very remarkable casualty, which was attended with as remarkable a consequence.

The historian, after giving an account of the warlike exploits of the Saracens, during the short reign of Yezid the Second, who was the Fourteenth Caliph, adds as follows;

"Whilst the Caliph's generals were earnestly labouring to maintain the glory of the nation, at the head of numerous armies, that prince who was naturally indolent and sensual, passed his time in his seraglio, and left to his courtiers the care of the state.

"Among the women, his usual companions were two, for whom he entertained a violent passion; The one was named Sélimah, the other Hababah. One day, when that prince was walking with them in a pleasant garden belonging to him, which lay near the Jourdan, he was diverting himself with throwing grape-stones at a distance, which Hababah caught in her mouth with great dexterity. (The grapes of Palestine are much larger than those of Europe.) This sport continued some time, when one of the stones stuck in the

fair favourite's throat, and choked her, so that she died in the Caliph's arms.

"Yezid was afflicted beyond expression at this melancholy accident. Nothing was capable of diverting the excess of his grief; on the contrary, he indulged it more and more. Vain were the preparations they made to pay the last tribute to the remains of that unfortunate woman, in order to take from out of his sight the object of his grief; he would not permit them. He ordered her body to be carried to his chamber, where he shut himself up for eight whole days, to feast his eyes with that horrid spectacle. The body becoming insupportable to those attending the Caliph, he was forced to consent to its being removed, on the representation of his officers, who declared they could not possibly serve him if he kept the body longer.

It was hoped that time and the absence of the object, would put an end to his sorrows, but they became more excessive; and he was so unreasonable as to order the body of that woman to be taken out of the ground, and brought back to him. But no person would obey the order, and he dared not insist upon it. The violence of his affliction threw him

into a consumptive illness, of which, having languished a short time, he died, and, according to his own command, was buried in the same grave with his beloved Hababah."

FRENCH PROMISES.

The Queen Marie Antoinette, said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron, I have a favour to ask you." "Madame," he replied, if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done."

EXTINGUISHING FIRE.

M. Cadet Vaux, reflecting on the circumstances of a fire when it occurs in a chimney, was led to endeavour at its extinction, by rendering the air which passes up the flue unable to support combustion. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire in the grate, and so effectual was it, that a faggot suspended in the chimney very near the top, and consequently near the external air, when set on fire and burning with great fury, was instantly extinguished on the application of the sulphur below.—This process is the more applicable, inasmuch as it does not require that all the oxygen in the air should be converted in sulphurous acid gas before it passes up the chimney; on the contrary, a comparatively small proportion of the latter gas, mixed with common air, is sufficient to prevent its supporting the combustion of common combustible bodies.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

An English lady being possessed of actions (shares) in the Embden company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp, and made application for that purpose to a director of the company, established there by the king of Prussia, for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend, being far short of what the actions would bear, and also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, she broke off with him, and had recourse to some mer-

chants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before the director, for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was likely to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this, the lady wrote a letter by the common post to his majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a memorial, complaining of the treatment she had received from the director; and likewise inclosed the actions themselves, in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his majesty condescended to answer her letter; and the actions were returned authenticated, and so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed, relating to the transaction she had in hand; and the director felt his majesty's resentment for his ill behaviour.

The Lady's Letter.

"Having had the happiness to pay my court to your majesty, during a pretty long residence at Berlin, and to receive such marks of favour from their majesties the queens, as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of, I presume to flatter myself that your majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I take, in laying before you my complaints against one Van Ertborn, a director of the Embden China company, whose behaviour to me, as set forth in my memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place: And as the considerable interest I have in that company may further subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your majesty's throne, most respectfully supplicating your majesty, that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this director shall not act towards me for the future, as he hath done hitherto.

"I hope for this favour from your majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honour to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sire,

Your majesty's most humble,
most obedient,
and most devoted servant,

Frederick's Answer.

I received your letter, of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me, and was not a little displeased to hear of the bad behaviour of one of the directors of the Asiatick company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now dispatched my orders for that purpose, to Leutz, my president of the chamber of East-Friesland. You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you, that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection.

Potsdam. FREDERICK.

THE BARON DE BRETEUIL.

This minister was a great smuggler, and used to gain immense sums by getting merchandize introduced into Paris free of duty. His partner, the merchant, went to him one day, and said he was in great distress, a wagon load of goods was lying at St Denis, but the bales were so large there was no chance of smuggling them in. "No chance!" exclaimed the Baron, "why, are they too large to go through the Porte St Denis?" "No, Sir." "Then be under no apprehension, they shall be got in."—The Baron carried his extravagance to such a pitch that all the utensils of his kitchen, even the spit, tongs, and shovels, were made of solid silver.

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

Dubois died immensely rich. His political and ecclesiastical preferments amounted to about 574,000 livres a year. Added to this, he is said to have received a pension of 40,000*l.* a year from England, which,

if true, would make his whole income amount to nearly 64,000*l.* a year. But it is probable that the amount of his pension is exaggerated, and very possible that it never existed.

His chief talent lay in intrigue, and in governing the Duke of Orleans. He is said to have employed so much of his time in this last occupation, that he had no leisure left for public affairs; and a story is current of his taking up a large parcel of unsealed letters and throwing them into the fire, saying, "Now I have brought up all my arrears."

Many anecdotes are related of his ungovernable temper. He would often get up and run round the room upon the tables and chairs, even in presence of the Regent. Those who attended his audience, of whatever rank they might be, were often dismissed with rudeness, if not with oaths. One day a lady of the court went to wait upon him, to thank him for a favour conferred upon her. She had no sooner begun—"Monseigneur," than Dubois interrupted her; "Oh! Monseigneur, Monseigneur, it can't be done."—"But, Monseigneur"—"By all the devils, when I tell you it cannot be."—"Monseigneur"—began again the poor lady, when Dubois seized her by the shoulders, turned her round, and pushed her out of the room.

With a violent temper, Dubois was not ill-natured. An officer, who had long attended his levee to make an application, burst out a laughing at seeing him swear violently: Dubois came up to him, and said, "I see you are no fool; you shall have what you ask for." Another time he was swearing at his clerks, saying, that with thirty clerks he could not get his business done: Venier, his secretary, after looking at him a long time in silence, answered, "Monseigneur, take one clerk more to swear and scold for you; half your time will be saved, and your business will be done." Dubois laughed, and was appeased. It must be said to his praise, that he seems to have been quite exempt from cruelty.

PERUVIAN POETRY.

We copy the following *Triste*, (poetical composition of Peru,) written by D. Augustin Videla y Ortiz, with its translation, for the gratification of our readers.

Un corazon afligido
Viendo tardar en esperanza
Con doloroso instrumento
Al compas de un llanto canta
y dice
Todo en penas y afliciones
Me veo
No hay Mengua en mi padecer
Que es esto?
Tiranos!
Martirios!
Ya seran mis ojos rios
Ay de mi
Hasta fallecer.

Translation.

With sickness of the fainting heart
(Which hope deferred can bring).
Oppressed to weariness,—apart
From all, I hear him sing,
While Music's saddest notes are heard
To lengthen every mournful word.

"To suffering woe and sorrow,
"For me there is no morrow,
"My eyes, that fill
"With weeping still,
"No light from Hope can borrow.

"Oh! what is there before me,
"That I should not deplore me?
"The tyrant's chain,
"The martyr's pain,
"Are all, my soul, before thee.
"Alas for Death! for only he
"Hath power now to set me free."

CANOVA.

Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as most propitious to the flights of genius. Lovesick swains seek woods and groves, and purling streams, to pour out the overflowings of passion. Canova fancied the Sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a cloudy sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Denon, there was wanting that grand character which dis-

tinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the execution of his work. "I feel it, Sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

JUSTE CIEL.

The tester of a bed is in French, called *le ciel*; the Marquis de Bievre, of punning memory, hearing that the *ciel* (tester) of Calonne's bed had fallen upon him, he exclaimed, *Juste ciel!*

SAFETY COFFIN CASE FOR THE DEAD.

Notwithstanding it is necessary for the benefit of mankind, that subjects for dissection should be obtained by that part of the rising generation into whose hands the lives of people are to be entrusted, there cannot possibly be a more unhappy state of mind than that which is excited by the rapacious pillage of the last remains of a dear friend or lamented relative. There is something besides, so repugnant to the natural feelings of civilized man in the profession of *sepulchral pillager*, that surely no punishment can be considered too bad for the brute who is so abject as to follow the abominable calling, which, while it renders him fit for every species of crime, for the sake of the sacrilegious bribe it procures is the means of turning the afflicting but wise dispensations of Providence into the most heart-rending anguish, for which time itself has scarcely any alleviation. To prevent in some degree this additional misery to the day of mourning, put a bar to the disgraceful traffic, and excite legislative influence to meet the necessity of providing means for anatomical supply, are the inducements which have caused me to trouble you with the following suggestion.

Iron coffins are certainly inestimable in the protection they afford against the robbery of graves, but they are both expensive and inconvenient; few can purchase them, and their duration must in time, be produc-

tive of serious inconvenience in our churchyards. I would suggest a *Coffin Case*, made of iron, formed of top, sides, and ends, but no bottom, so as to admit of being placed over the *last coffin, continually*, which is put into the grave. One would answer for the protection of all beneath, and, being sufficiently capacious, no inconvenience in point of size could happen. Durability would then be a desirable object, and the expense to a family considerably lessened, while clerical privileges would be retained as heretofore, and of consequence, clerical altercation prevented. Many contrivances might be resorted to in order to impede the lifting of the *coffin case*, such as having plates from the lower edge of the sides projecting in a horizontal direction, or a couple of iron bars on each side fixed, or passing through staples connected with the outside of the top. On this principle I conceive every family might be in possession of one of these cases, that, on the present system of iron coffins, could not meet the expense.

GUTTA SERENA.

The Rev Jacob Stanley, a Methodist minister, states, in a late number of the Methodist Magazine, that an *amaurosis*, or *gutta serena*, with which he had been afflicted, amounting to almost total blindness, was entirely removed by a succession of blisters applied to the spine, from the shoulders downwards.

DAY-LIGHT.

The duration of day-light, and the length of candle-light, on any given day or night in the year, in the southern parts of England, are given in a useful pamphlet, by Mr Bevan; which contains the average mean, or clock-time, of lighting candles in the evening, and extinguishing them in the morning, of every day. The equation of time produces in these tables some curious anomalies; as, for instance, there is, in December, eighteen days' interval between the earliest period of lighting, viz. 4h. 26m. on the 12th; and the latest period of

extinguishing, viz. 7h. 31m. on the 30th; on which latter day, the time of lighting has increased 9m. from its minimum. In June there are only four days between the earliest period of extinguishing, viz. 2h. 58m. on the 19th. and the latest period of lighting, viz. 9h. 4m. on the 24th. The lightings, at six o'clock, take place February 24th and October 5th; and the 6h. extinguishings, on the 9th of March and 19th of October; the intervals being, in the spring, thirteen or fourteen days; and, in the autumn, fourteen days. On the 3d of March, and on the 11th of October, candles are lighted and extinguished at the same clock-time, viz. 6h. 12m. in the former, and 5h. 47m. in the latter season; and the candle-light and the day-light are in each case just 12 hours later. On the 21st of June occurs the longest day-light, of 18h. 6 m., and the shortest candle-light, of 5h. 54m.; and on the 26th of December, the shortest day-light, of 9h. 2m., and the longest candle-light, of 14h. 58m.

WITCHCRAFT.

It is not generally known, that Sir Henry Cromwell, as Lord of the Manor of Warboys, after the conviction of the Witches of Warboys, in 1593, left their property, which was forfeited to him, to the Corporation of Huntingdon, on condition that they should give forty shillings every year to a Doctor or Bachelor in Divinity of Queen's College, Cambridge, to preach a sermon at All-Saints Church, in Huntingdon, on the annunciation of the blessed Virgin, against the sin of witchcraft, and to teach the people how they should discover and frustrate the machinations of witches and dealers with evil spirits. *This sermon continues to be preached.*—It is doubtless felt to be a little awkward sometimes, to preach upon an exploded opinion: but, it is still more lamentable that there should be clergymen, in the Church, as by law established, who are necessitated, or can condescend, to earn forty shillings by perpetuating a superstition so ridiculous.